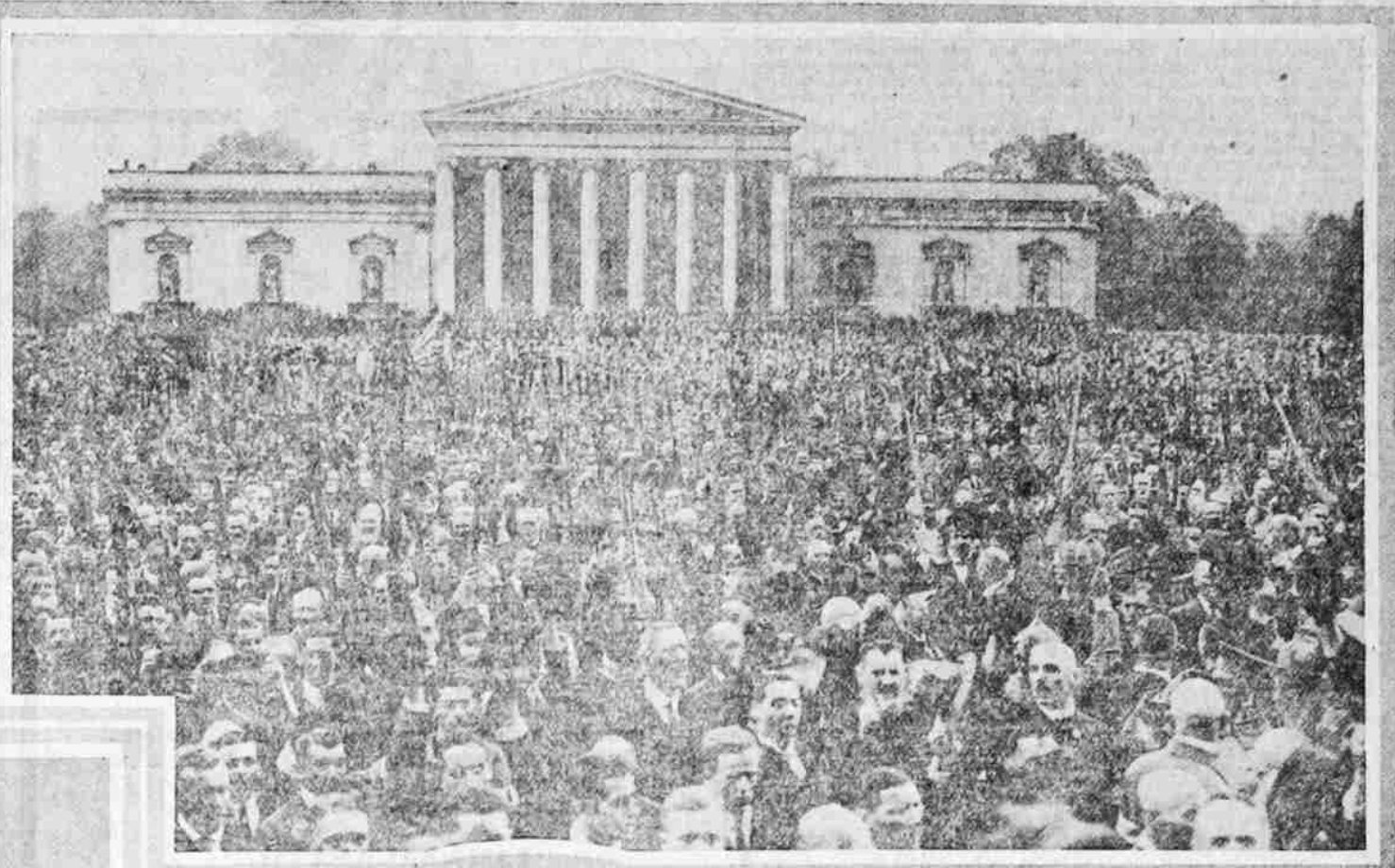
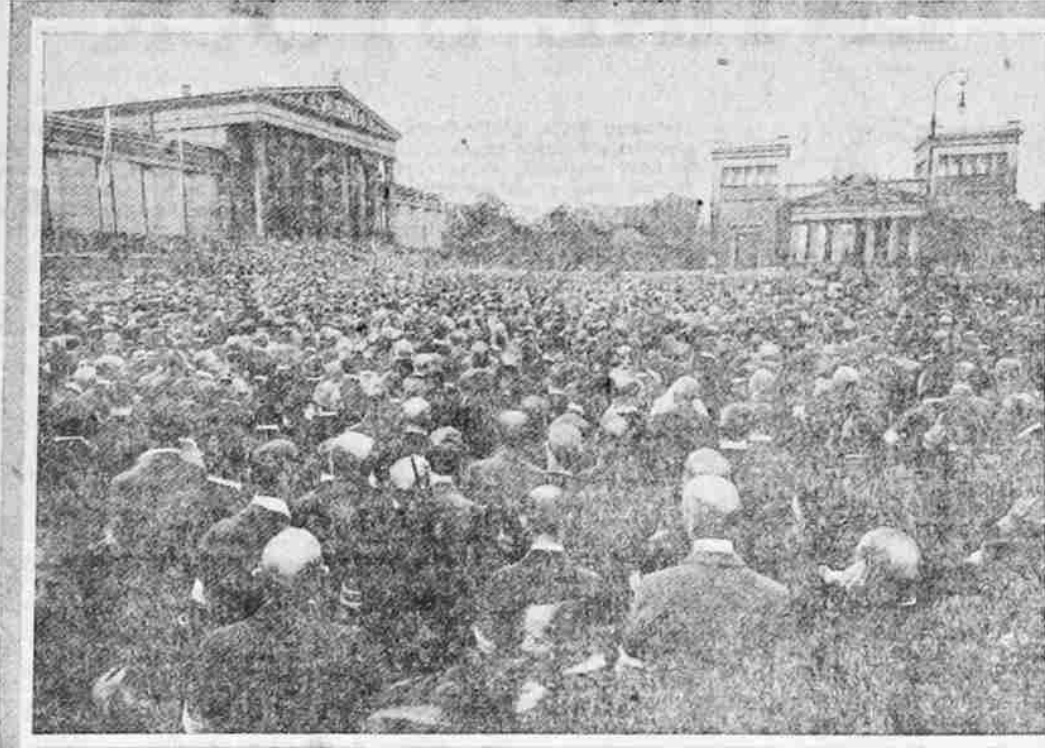


Bavaria, Land of Political Paradoxes, Worrying Germans

The pictures below, the most recent to arrive from Munich, show the remarkable conditions existent in Bavaria. Instead of disarming according to the Treaty of Versailles, the Bavarians have formed themselves into rifle clubs under direct command of Dr. Escherich. The largest picture shows part of a crowd of 30,000 riflemen taking an oath to fight Bolshevism. In oval below note the many war helmets and arrow pointing to Gen. Ludendorff. Dr. Escherich is a monarchist and the German Republic is much alarmed at his power. Picture at the left shows a mass meeting in Munich being addressed by Dr. Escherich.



Two Royalist Parties Offset One Another, Communists Stay in Jail and Armed People Go About in Slow, Democratic Way

By RAYMOND SWING.

Copyright, 1920, by THE NEW YORK HERALD, Paris, Saturday.

NO one reading the Berlin newspapers exclusively could escape the conviction that Bavaria is the black sheep of the German family. Bavaria is represented as being simultaneously the hearth of sedition, the hope of reaction, the cradle of a new monarchy and the arch of the new Danube Federation of Catholic States. Bavaria is wooed by Marshal Foch's imperialism; Bavaria conspires with the White Guards of Hungary; Bavaria in one breath is the one real menace of German unity and the German Republic. The conservative who approves Bavarian reaction is outraged over Bavarian separatism. The Socialist who disapproves both, is angry about Dr. Escherich's private army. The liberal denounces the intrigues of Dr. Hahn with the French. Of whatever class or party the alarmed Prussian is very much alarmed over Bavaria.

But in Bavaria life goes on simply and patiently. The white bullet stains in the grimy stones of Munich public buildings are the last obvious testimonials of the revolution; the heavy Bavarian, craving for good meals and heavy beer, is gratified in hand, some measure and at a scale of prices far below the Berlin level. The Munich pavements are swept, the Munich horses are not haggard, the blue street cars glide by in their usual number. The staid Munich rhythm of earlier days has been found again. Even the Munich newspapers have the slower pulse and steeper tone of better times. There is nothing in the pattering pace of traffic or in the penial faces of pedestrians to suggest sedition and turmoil.

Bavaria Is Democratic, as Usual.

In Its Slow Going Way.

Yes, there is a monarchist movement, there are even two royalist parties. Yes, Dr. Escherich has a private army, and Dr. Escherich is himself a monarchist. Yes, the Communist leaders still are in prison, the poet Toller, his comrade Muchan and many more, and Escherich, the Communist Deputy, has recently joined them after a trial which was a farce of all justice. Gen. Ludendorff is living on the cliff behind the city of Munich and planning wars with Russia in the name of Kultur against the Bolsheviks. There are separatists and federalists, and beyond the Reich of Dr. Hahn do confer with some Frenchmen.

The political observer of Munich will admit all this. But he will say there is nothing to be afraid of. Taken from the ground, he will explain in the good German idiom, Bavaria has not changed. The people always were democratic in their slow-going way, and never monarchists of the Prussian strain. To be sure, there are monarchists now, Count Rotherm and his mental kin. How many hundreds in the millions? Count them. Rotherm, a gifted dot, nothing more. And as for Escherich, he is at odds with Ludendorff. The unauthorized sheriff may be a monarchist, but his idea of a Bolshevism, and he really means it—that he is against the counter-revolutionaries as much as the revolutionaries. Really not a harmful man, just conceited, always talking of my army, my men, my plans, but not a labor hater or a king maker, only an accident of the times.

I spoke with Munich politicians of every party and the only alarming prediction came from a Communist. I had sat with him in a cafe and he kept wringing the whole time in his chair in a most embarrassing way. But that, I discovered, was because the secret service agent who had arrested Escherich, had him under surveillance from a table across the room. In this atmosphere of personal peril his belief in a winter of right and reaction appeared genuine. But the rest were not greatly disturbed for the republic, not looking forward to the Danube Federation, nor in love with France, nor in any of the other poses of the Prussian nightmare.

That is not to say that the North German nightmare is not composed of realities. But the realities, it proves, balance each other



Dr. Escherich, Bavarian Master Forester and head of the Einwohnerwehr.

off for the moment. Separatism would be more popular if it did not imply cooperation with Marshal Foch. Bavarians have two antipathies—Prussia and France. And between the two, Bavarian policy has to keep to the middle of the road, and be content to seek greater autonomy within the empire. A Bavarian statesman against whom a charge of treason in the interest of France could be proved would be pilloried.

Besides, the significance of the French Legation in Munich and the alleged separatist conspiracies of Monsieur Dard have been grossly distorted. M. Dard can only weakly influence Bavarian political thought, and he knows this well enough. The error, some sums supposedly spent in propaganda simply have not been seen in Bavaria. It would require years to convert the country and with years and special privileges and the guile of politics it yet might not be possible.

Practically all the ardent separatists of Bavaria are confined to the southern high lands, where there is little agriculture and less industry and where the principal wealth seems to be an insignificant anti-Prussian passion. But north of the Danube the Bavarians are fairly dissipated and royal Germans, both in the rich farm districts of the Pfalz and in the factory towns with their agricultural hinterland, and in these two regions it is that the real riches of Bavaria are concentrated. The peasants are independent enough, but they are not political hypocrites like their highland compatriots. The factory districts are bound by the laws of industry and by national labor solidarity to remain with north Germany. They need Silesian and Ruhr coal, they need materials and as exporters they belong to the German industrial unit.

To Set Up a King in Bavaria Would Not Start a Rebellion.

Let the Bavarian separatists try to proclaim an independent Bavaria, it will mean a separatist movement within the new State, I was told. The Pfalz and all the district north of the Danube would promptly rejoin north Germany.

Even the monarchists balance each other off. They are divided in two camps, the Wittelsbachs and Hohenzollerns, and cooperation between them on the basis of the old monarchy, which supported crowns in both families, is out of the question. The Wittelsbachs will not hear of another experiment with a Hohenzollern emperor, the Protestant, pan-German Hohenzollerns would never tolerate an empire with a Bavarian and a Catholic ruler. Numerically the Wittelsbachs are predominant, but their royalist sentiments have a correspondingly weaker fire. A pan-German Munich student, with his fierce contempt for the Jews, his brave defiance of everything foreign and his ardent belief in the ultimate victory of the German idea (as embodied in militarism, discipline and paternalism), is a royalist to be reckoned with. But the Bavarians did not take their king so much to

heart. They appreciated him with something of the lukewarm complaisance of the English. Yes, let the king come again, it might be better, the Munich citizen will say, but die to set him on the throne? Hardly. Such a monarchist movement does not engender rebellion.

Kuprecht is the only Wittelsbach candidate now that the deposed king is falling in mind and health. The former Crown Prince is not unpopular. He was believed during the war to have been a peace Gen-

eral, after the summer of 1917, and to have worked against the Ludendorff gambles and the other obnoxious Prussian determinations. He is believed to have lived rather simply at the front, and he does not stand common people off, which makes him liked. But he is not an avowed candidate and is not plotting to be restored. If crowned, miracles would be expected of him, merely because in the good old days of the kings things went better. He would have to increase the value of money, restore individual integrity, and accomplish many other marvels beyond the ken of contemporary statesmanship. He knows this, and is said not to be eager to sacrifice the glory of the remembered past for a doomed triumph.

Bavarian reaction and particularism, if counted alone, do not represent a peril to the German republic. But as factors in possible political combinations over which Bavarians have no control, Bavarian re-

action, at least, is a formidable influence. And separatism might become one if the plans of a Catholic federation were close to realization. Bavarian reaction is important because German reaction is becoming so. The Bavarians merely have the lead. So long as the little group of pangerman "die-hards" were the only noticeable anti-republican force in Prussia, it did not matter so much to north Germany what the Bavarians did provided they remained German. But today the anti-republicans are growing in numbers and in zeal.

The October convention of the German National People's party blew pretty high royalist winds for a republican State. "We demand before all the restoration of the monarchy," declared Herr Helfferich, brought down a long storm of applause. Virtually all speakers confessed to the same faith. And monarchy means to these monarchists a war of revenge. Even Dr. Simons, the Foreign Minister, deemed it necessary to deliver a rebuke on this point. Herr Graefe, the prophet of revenge, declared in the Reichstag having merited a Ministerial reprimand, but the Conservative organ had quoted him as telling the convention: "When we can have allies again, and have won back the favor of the Almighty, then will come the day of revenge," which words brought him an ovation lasting several minutes.

Where the Christmas trees they have known came from.

But to supply the great city markets there is need of an industry pretty well organized. This industry centres in two regions, one in northern New England, and particularly in northern Maine, and the other among the forests of upper Michigan and Wisconsin. From the former come the trees which are sold in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities; from the latter those which delight the children of Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and the great Western towns.

The harvesting of Christmas trees furnishes occupation for the whole family, and as it comes at a season when other farm work is over it is often made the occasion of a family holiday, with a hearty midday meal eaten about a fire, hugging, perhaps, the snow.

One man goes ahead, chopping down trees of the proper size, and a boy follows behind trimming the dead limbs away from the base of the tree; then come women or girls, who collect the trees into bundles and tie them firmly together, while last of all a man loads the bundles upon the hayrack, which conveys them to the railway station. If the cutting grounds are at some distance from the settlement a party of men and boys will make a camping trip of it and spend several days in the woods.

Almost all the New England trees are shipped by rail. Thousands of carloads come out of the far country every year, and the dusty, grimy freightyards of the city are fragrant with their balsamic breath, until the chattering shopkeepers have finished their bargaining and taken their purchases away. The trees do not bring a high price, as a general thing, although of recent years they have been quite expensive, due to transportation difficulties. But it does not take long to cut a carload out of the inexhaustible Maine forests, and a carload even at moderate prices means a substantial addition to the woodman's income.

Many of the Western trees come down from Wisconsin or Michigan ports in lumbering lake schooners, and the docks along the Chicago River, as well as the railway yards, are full of forest odors at Christmastide.

action, at least, is a formidable influence. And separatism might become one if the plans of a Catholic federation were close to realization.

Bavarian reaction is important because German reaction is becoming so. The Bavarians merely have the lead. So long as the little group of pangerman "die-hards" were the only noticeable anti-republican force in Prussia, it did not matter so much to north Germany what the Bavarians did provided they remained German. But today the anti-republicans are growing in numbers and in zeal.

The October convention of the German National People's party blew pretty high royalist winds for a republican State. "We demand before all the restoration of the monarchy," declared Herr Helfferich, brought down a long storm of applause.

Virtually all speakers confessed to the same faith. And monarchy means to these monarchists a war of revenge. Even Dr. Simons, the Foreign Minister, deemed it necessary to deliver a rebuke on this point. Herr Graefe, the prophet of revenge, declared in the Reichstag having merited a Ministerial reprimand, but the Conservative organ had quoted him as telling the convention: "When we can have allies again, and have won back the favor of the Almighty, then will come the day of revenge," which words brought him an ovation lasting several minutes.

Where the Christmas trees they have known came from.

But to supply the great city markets there is need of an industry pretty well organized. This industry centres in two regions, one in northern New England, and particularly in northern Maine, and the other among the forests of upper Michigan and Wisconsin. From the former come the trees which are sold in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities; from the latter those which delight the children of Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and the great Western towns.

The harvesting of Christmas trees furnishes occupation for the whole family, and as it comes at a season when other farm work is over it is often made the occasion of a family holiday, with a hearty midday meal eaten about a fire, hugging, perhaps, the snow.

One man goes ahead, chopping down trees of the proper size, and a boy follows behind trimming the dead limbs away from the base of the tree; then come women or girls, who collect the trees into bundles and tie them firmly together, while last of all a man loads the bundles upon the hayrack, which conveys them to the railway station. If the cutting grounds are at some distance from the settlement a party of men and boys will make a camping trip of it and spend several days in the woods.

Almost all the New England trees are shipped by rail. Thousands of carloads come out of the far country every year, and the dusty, grimy freightyards of the city are fragrant with their balsamic breath, until the chattering shopkeepers have finished their bargaining and taken their purchases away. The trees do not bring a high price, as a general thing, although of recent years they have been quite expensive, due to transportation difficulties. But it does not take long to cut a carload out of the inexhaustible Maine forests, and a carload even at moderate prices means a substantial addition to the woodman's income.

Many of the Western trees come down from Wisconsin or Michigan ports in lumbering lake schooners, and the docks along the Chicago River, as well as the railway yards, are full of forest odors at Christmastide.

Where the Christmas trees they have known came from.

But to supply the great city markets there is need of an industry pretty well organized. This industry centres in two regions, one in northern New England, and particularly in northern Maine, and the other among the forests of upper Michigan and Wisconsin. From the former come the trees which are sold in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities; from the latter those which delight the children of Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and the great Western towns.

The harvesting of Christmas trees furnishes occupation for the whole family, and as it comes at a season when other farm work is over it is often made the occasion of a family holiday, with a hearty midday meal eaten about a fire, hugging, perhaps, the snow.

One man goes ahead, chopping down trees of the proper size, and a boy follows behind trimming the dead limbs away from the base of the tree; then come women or girls, who collect the trees into bundles and tie them firmly together, while last of all a man loads the bundles upon the hayrack, which conveys them to the railway station. If the cutting grounds are at some distance from the settlement a party of men and boys will make a camping trip of it and spend several days in the woods.

Almost all the New England trees are shipped by rail. Thousands of carloads come out of the far country every year, and the dusty, grimy freightyards of the city are fragrant with their balsamic breath, until the chattering shopkeepers have finished their bargaining and taken their purchases away. The trees do not bring a high price, as a general thing, although of recent years they have been quite expensive, due to transportation difficulties. But it does not take long to cut a carload out of the inexhaustible Maine forests, and a carload even at moderate prices means a substantial addition to the woodman's income.

Many of the Western trees come down from Wisconsin or Michigan ports in lumbering lake schooners, and the docks along the Chicago River, as well as the railway yards, are full of forest odors at Christmastide.

Dr. Escherich, Firm for Law and Order, Has Private Army Disguised as Glee Clubs and Other Peaceful Organizations

alone could have managed so easily to get the north German conservatives in a position to mobilize. Whether in an hour, say, at the end of a Communist "putsch," Dr. Escherich could control his hundreds of thousands of veterans and prevent the royalist counter-revolution from sweeping into power is a question hard to answer in the affirmative.

The Communist "putsch" is the accepted signal among both north German and Bavarian reactionaries. Should it eventually be momentarily successful in Prussia, then Bavaria will become automatically "the chief defender of the constitution." This is the assertion of the Bavarian Minister-President, Herr von Kahr. Dr. Escherich's troops will then rally to the national "Government" and the "Ordnungsgesetz" (state of law and order), as Bavaria has it, will be established in Prussia. An Ordnungsgesetz in Prussia is the ideal, too, of the National German People's party. The keynote speech of the convention was made by former Minister Herrst. "The Ordnungsgesetz is our goal for Prussia," he declared. "Prussia must be our final aim, and then, with Prussia as our base, we shall conquer the empire." The Bavarian Minister of Justice, Herr Roth, told the Conservatives' convention: "We shall never permit our Einwohnerwehr to be disbanded, come what may."

Ruhr Coal Is the Potent Factor in Future Bavarian Moves.

But there is another possibility which makes the simple calculation of the outcome of such a Communist putsch difficult. If, after a Soviet war proclaimed in Berlin, the Allies or the French occupied the Ruhr coal basin, Frankfurt and the Main bridgehead, what then? Would Bavaria remain loyal? What if, at the same time, were proclaimed a Rhineland republic, enjoying variable privileges, economic and political, would Bavaria then go to the rescue of her deeply disliked Prussia, even for the sake of the nation? Would it, if guaranteed the political leadership of a group of Catholic states, including the Rhineland republic, Austria and Hungary? Could north Bavarian manufacturers resist the argument of Ruhr coal? Would the hard civil war be more convincing to the Bavarian leaders than peaceful political influence suddenly thrust upon them?

It is impossible to prophesy when so many factors enter into the problem. No one outside the French and national leaders involved know how Danube federation stood in selling. In Bavaria it is reputed to be low. And in the Rhineland and the Ruhr, despite the feverish activity of Dr. Dornier, the Rhine Republic People's party, Joseph Smets, Frau De Zeeherl and other individuals of uncertain importance and parties of problematic dimensions. There is reason to believe that the Federationists are only an inferior clan in the French Foreign Office and that the federation can never become the chief French policy for central Europe until there is a better chance of its being realized. At present the success of the Small Entente apparently has postponed this chance.

It is worth noting that Orzech is not confined to Germany, but extends certainly into Austria and probably into Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and that the Prussian reactionaries of the Ludendorff circle have spun a web whose threads reach to Budapest and Vienna, possibly even further.

It is not certain that the Communists will handily launch the revolution which ushers in this maze of consequences. To be sure, they may; they have to do something to hold their following, and their leaders are not evincing any very alluring gifts of statesmanship in the Reichstag. But if they should decline there may be a revolution begun by agents provocateurs of the reaction and feeding on the indisputable unrest. Only on one point do most prophets agree—that a working men's rebellion, if attempted, will fail.

Tracing the Christmas Tree Back to Ancient Mythology

THE tree, brilliant with candles and tinsel and bending under its load of gifts, has become so indispensable a part of our Christmas that we can hardly imagine a celebration of the festival without it. We think of it as an immemorial institution, and it is very ancient. Throughout Europe it has been popular since the middle ages at the very least, while learned men disagree as to whether its real origin should be traced to Yggdrasil, the tree of life in Scandinavian mythology, or to one of the customs of the old Roman harvest festival, the Saturnalia.

But among English speaking peoples it has been so recently introduced that it may almost be called an innovation upon the historic Christmas. In England itself it was almost unknown before the middle of the last century, although English travellers had seen the pretty custom in European households and written much in praise of it. To America it came earlier, brought by German immigrants to Pennsylvania, and perhaps also by the Dutch settlers of New York.

But if the Christmas tree is, in a way of speaking, an exotic in England and America, it has certainly become thoroughly domesticated in both countries. Hardly an American household in which there are children, hardly a Sunday school or an orphan's home but has its tree each year. Nearly if not quite five million little evergreens must be cut down each autumn to meet the demand. The spruce is by far the best for the purpose, and wherever it can be found or bought it is used. Failing that, the fir, the cedar, the hemlock and even the pine may serve, and in foreign countries great branches of the yew are often employed.

Where, then, are these five million trees which the children of the United States must have to come from? In the first place, the rural districts and many of the smaller cities in regions where evergreen trees are to be found—which means over the greater part of the country—can supply their needs from the groves or forests in their own neighborhood. Few boys who have been brought up "in the country" need to be told

Where the Christmas trees they have known came from.

But to supply the great city markets there is need of an industry pretty well organized. This industry centres in two regions, one in northern New England, and particularly in northern Maine, and the other among the forests of upper Michigan and Wisconsin. From the former come the trees which are sold in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities; from the latter those which delight the children of Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and the great Western towns.

The harvesting of Christmas trees furnishes occupation for the whole family, and as it comes at a season when other farm work is over it is often made the occasion of a family holiday, with a hearty midday meal eaten about a fire, hugging, perhaps, the snow.

One man goes ahead, chopping down trees of the proper size, and a boy follows behind trimming the dead limbs away from the base of the tree; then come women or girls, who collect the trees into bundles and tie them firmly together, while last of all a man loads the bundles upon the hayrack, which conveys them to the railway station. If the cutting grounds are at some distance from the settlement a party of men and boys will make a camping trip of it and spend several days in the woods.

Almost all the New England trees are shipped by rail. Thousands of carloads come out of the far country every year, and the dusty, grimy freightyards of the city are fragrant with their balsamic breath, until the chattering shopkeepers have finished their bargaining and taken their purchases away. The trees do not bring a high price, as a general thing, although of recent years they have been quite expensive, due to transportation difficulties. But it does not take long to cut a carload out of the inexhaustible Maine forests, and a carload even at moderate prices means a substantial addition to the woodman's income.

Many of the Western trees come down from Wisconsin or Michigan ports in lumbering lake schooners, and the docks along the Chicago River, as well as the railway yards, are full of forest odors at Christmastide.

Where the Christmas trees they have known came from.

But to supply the great city markets there is need of an industry pretty well organized. This industry centres in two regions, one in northern New England, and particularly in northern Maine, and the other among the forests of upper Michigan and Wisconsin. From the former come the trees which are sold in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities; from the latter those which delight the children of Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and the great Western towns.

The harvesting of Christmas trees furnishes occupation for the whole family, and as it comes at a season when other farm work is over it is often made the occasion of a family holiday, with a hearty midday meal eaten about a fire, hugging, perhaps, the snow.

One man goes ahead, chopping down trees of the proper size, and a boy follows behind trimming the dead limbs away from the base of the tree; then come women or girls, who collect the trees into bundles and tie them firmly together, while last of all a man loads the bundles upon the hayrack, which conveys them to the railway station. If the cutting grounds are at some distance from the settlement a party of men and boys will make a camping trip of it and spend several days in the woods.

Almost all the New England trees are shipped by rail. Thousands of carloads come out of the far country every year, and the dusty, grimy freightyards of the city are fragrant with their balsamic breath, until the chattering shopkeepers have finished their bargaining and taken their purchases away. The trees do not bring a high price, as a general thing, although of recent years they have been quite expensive, due to transportation difficulties. But it does not take long to cut a carload out of the inexhaustible Maine forests, and a carload even at moderate prices means a substantial addition to the woodman's income.

Many of the Western trees come down from Wisconsin or Michigan ports in lumbering lake schooners, and the docks along the Chicago River, as well as the railway yards, are full of forest odors at Christmastide.